THE
COMMONWEAL

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INSULATED CATHOLICS

THIS is an age of measurements and statistics, of filing cabinets and card indexes. If it seems, at times, singularly inept when faced with the duty of solving its problems, it is at least singularly adept in the art of reducing them to symbols and figures. The historian of the future who finds himself on the hither side of some solution to all our troubles, in all probability painfully rough-and-ready and quite unlooked-for at the present writing, will be almost embarrassed at the wealth of data collected for him by bureaus and organizations in less flurried days.

This widespread practice of analysis has one very great drawback. The feeling it gives that we are really grappling with human problems, is largely illusory. The untidy and unruly element of the human has, in fact, a distressing habit of emerging suddenly at the end of the trimmest and most cunning tabulation of percentages and averages, and of setting their conclusions at defiance. No one asks that investigation or experimentation should cease. But it is not too much to suggest that it should be carried on with a franker taking into account of discouraging elements which statistics somehow fail to show.

It is quite in harmony with the modern mood that the spiritual adventures of university students should be carefully investigated, tabulated and disseminated. The Rev. John O'Hara, C.S.C., religious director at Notre Dame University, has for several years published an interesting annual bulletin, based on intimate spiritual information supplied, anonymously, by the students themselves. This bulletin has been widely discussed; it has met with well-deserved praise. Recently, however, a distinguished Canadian Archbishop subjected it to scrutiny and criticism. "To what extent does the religious training of these students prepare them to be leaders in their various spheres of activity after they leave college?" he asked. It seemed to him that they were not being prepared at all. "Remarks of seventy-five students on their experience with frequent Communion fill eight pages of the bulletin," he noted. "The charity effects are stated by three students —covering greater thought for parents and prayer for others. All the rest are individualistic." In other words, these young men apparently looked at life without giving any thought whatsoever to public-spirited service, or to their neighbors.

The Archbishop did not intend his remarks for a direct criticism of the university. In fact, he believed that the want of social interest exemplified in the Notre Dame bulletin was characteristic of Catholics generally; and he thought a few basic causes might easily be discerned. Being himself of Irish descent, he felt entitled to illustrate a possible racial trait with the following reminiscence—"A couple of years ago, I was

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in Ireland. On a train there one day I was alone in the compartment until a man entered. I soon found that he was a Catholic and very intelligent. I questioned him about the civil war, which was then ended. In conversation he gave expression to a thought which had evidently been fermenting in the back of his mind, for it came out like an explosion, to the effect that their religion must have been a sham—otherwise that civil war could not have happened. I asked him to remember that the Irish people had for centuries devoted all their energies to a defense of their faith; that, inevitably, charity was under-emphasized during the struggle, and that today it is not faith, but charity they most need—the charity of brotherhood. Possibly their descendants on this continent have yet to learn the full meaning and need of charity; therefore I asked myself—are the students at Notre Dame preparing to exemplify it?"

The roots of our own problem must be sought in a generation where cultural interests had largely to be sacrificed to the economic struggle. During recent years, endowment campaigns held in the interests of Catholic higher education have brought home the fact that it is practically impossible to make even very good people see the need for supporting colleges and other institutions that lie beyond the scope of parish work. Money can be raised only by basing appeals on religion, as such. The one successful Catholic endowment drive on record is that instituted for Boston College, in which case it was made a diocesan obligation. This and many similar facts led Archbishop Dowling to declare, in the course of a comparatively recent address to the Holy Name Society—"Wherever you go in this country, you find the same conditions—prodigious parochial activity and supine indifference to the general needs of the Church. As a consequence, Catholics, where they are strongest, are isolated, out of touch with the community, exerting no influence commensurate with their numbers, their enterprises or their splendid constructive thought."

The truth of these observations is so generally recognized that a whole literature has been written on the subject. Some months ago, Mr. Charles Korz, president of the Central-Verein, commented upon praise which had been given his organization by saying that the eulogist little understood how indifferent many German-American Catholics were to the work of their Verein, and how little assistance and enthusiasm could be stirred up in quarters rich in potential means and energy. During his incumbency as president of the Conference on Industrial Problems, Dr. David A. McCabe time and time again referred to the lack of interest manifested by Catholics in the great obligation of social reform. We all know how little has been done to promote international peace; and most of us realize full well the justice of Archbishop Dowling's words—"The literary expression of Catholic thought being outside the range of even the best regulated parish, is desultory, uneven, inadequate. Nobody who examines the publications which appear on the tables of libraries in large cities near which millions of Catholics live, would judge that the Catholic body was anything but a timid, touchy and a surely negligible group of citizens who were not yet acclimated."

Indeed, the situation is so obvious, so many-sided, and so pernicious that it rises upon a mound of supporting testimony. But what can be done? The Rev. James Burns, C.S.C., a distinguished and far-sighted educator, introduced a resolution at the last Catholic Educational Convention which read as follows: "Graduates of Catholic schools are rightly expected to have an interest in the welfare of their fellow men, for this is the natural and obvious expression of Christian charity. At a time when philanthropic effort is so active and widespread, it is the duty of Catholic teachers to explain the meaning of Christian brotherhood and to show the opportunities for its exercise in modern social organization. In colleges and universities this may well be regarded as a necessary element in the training of men." This resolution was not merely approved, but several members of the hierarchy conceded that it was a matter of unusual moment and promised to help make it effective in as large a measure as possible. Since then it has been decided to form a group of prominent men, under the direction of a distinguished prelate, "to study the causes of Catholic apathy." The personnel cannot be announced at present, but will be worthy of the task and the opportunity.

We think that a good step has been taken in the right direction. The matter, is vital, inherent and outside the scope of anything that statistics can pretend to prove or disprove. If the causes of Catholic social indifference are laid bare fearlessly and helpfully by those in authority, remedies may be found and applied. But, on our part, we believe that for the colleges the problem is not going to be settled by merely haranguing about social duties and the obligations of citizenship. What is needed is an awakening of the student's intellectual life—the culture of mind for its own sake, with which will come a sympathetic realization of those broad issues upon which the stability of our human world ultimately depends. So long as Catholic education refuses to concede that its goal is not quantity—not buildings and "splurge," but quality—excellent quality achieved at no matter what cost—it will talk in vain about "Christian brotherhood." Leadership is the by-product of intellectual exercise and fidelity to moral obligations. We have not developed such leadership. Why? Because we have not led in education: apart from a number of good professional schools, we have superimposed upon a splendid system of elementary training little more than excellence—in football! There is the rub. At least part of the remedy suggests itself.

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THE COMMONWEAL

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WEEK BY WEEK

WHATEVER the vagaries of official discussions and bargainings, evidence accumulates that the French mind is increasingly ready to recognize the fact that organizing for peace is at least as vital as preparedness against war. By voting credits for the establishment in Paris of the Institute for Intellectual Coöperation, the Senate of the Republic has added to the national glory and sponsored a movement from which a great deal of beneficial coöperation may result. Perhaps the most interesting aspect of this venture is the fact that the Institute is a child of the League of Nations, the French attitude towards which has changed remarkably since the days immediately following the war. The Clemenceau growl of contempt has become almost an historical legend; and the eager interest of Briand in whatever Geneva is doing, a contemporary national trait.

IN an exceptionally important series of articles published by La Revue Hebdomadaire, Henry Ruffin, a diplomat of long experience, has been analyzing the danger of a new European conflict and the agencies which can be employed to stave it off. His homage to the League, based on a dossier of intimate and complex information about what has been going on, is profound and cordial. The hope that Europe can be organized to promote the common social welfare, to guarantee comparative military tranquility, and to resist possible aggression from Asia and the Mohammedan world generally, which events in Morocco and Syria are so grimly stressing, pulses strongly in these articles, as it does in so much that the French are now saying. Nor should we overlook the earnest work being done by such societies as "Pax" which, under the distinguished leadership of the Duc de Broglie, is losing no opportunity to promote the machinery of international conciliation. Certainly the myth of French militaristic designs has been exploded nowhere so completely as in France; and we feel sure that once the people of Saint Joan are convinced that menacing ruin has been averted, they will be as steadfast as she in the interests of a lasting peace.

THERE are those who still affect to regard the Catholic Church as a venerable but decrepit structure, in which the very word "science" must not be spoken too loud lest the walls come tumbling about the ears of the deluded faithful. The attention of such is particularly invited to a forthcoming Religio-Ethnological Congress, to be holden in Milan in the latter part of September, under the leadership of Father William Schmidt, founder and former editor-in-chief of the scientific review Anthropos. For the discussion, which will form the core—the pièce-de-resistance, as it were—of the conference, is none other than the origin of the Consciousness of Guilt and of Remission among the peoples of the world from the dawn of time. It is probable that even the magic word "tabu," so prized by a certain class of the emancipated as a complete answer when demands for a little decency in their social relations is made upon them, will not only be mentioned but thoroughly examined.

AT first sight, indeed, no subject can well be imagined so full of pitfalls and perils to dogmatic religion than what is really an examination of the moral idea in man. On second thoughts, no subject can suggest itself so eminently calculated to produce proofs of a "quid divinum" in human nature as this inherent instinct, this memory, it may well be, of a creation fallen indeed, but bearing the image and likeness of God, as shown forth by the consciousness of guilt and possible atonement. The mere fact that such a congress, to which ethnological authorities from as far as Chile will come, is being held this year in the full light of scientific discussion, and that it comes to Milan at the express suggestion of the Holy Father, should be sufficient rebuke to the facile patter of an "incompatibility" between faith and science.

NO stranger or more precious freight, surely, has ever crossed the Atlantic than the reliquary containing the body of Saint Christina, virgin and martyr, which, as these words are being printed, is being landed at New York from the great liner Homeric on its way to a final resting place beneath the high altar of the cathedral at Cleveland. This unprecedented gift, made by the Sovereign Pontiff to the mid-western see in recognition of the pious assistance given by Bishop Joseph Schrembs and his flock towards the restoration of the

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catacombs in which the remains of the saint rested for centuries, comes on the very morrow of the beatification of North America's protomartyrs, and it is hard to reflect upon it without imagination getting to work and instituting a comparison between the great pagan empire whose power was defied by this young Roman girl seventeen centuries ago, and the mighty republic among whose people, believers and unbelievers alike, her relics have come to rest.

EMPIRES have risen and fallen since the day Christina thought death preferable to a pinch of incense laid in a brasier at the foot of idols—races then in the savage womb of time have waxed to power and waned to obscurity, but the conflict between the children of this world and the children of light, shows no signs of appeasement. Invested with new and bewildering forms, the old reproaches which the infant Church had to endure in days when its sacrifice was offered in the darkness of the catacombs, assail it now when it has girdled the globe with a chain of uplifted hosts and chalices on which no sun ever goes down. Charges of "divided allegiance" because in her polity the frontier between God and Caesar is not left in doubt: charges of languid patriotism, though the battle-cries of a thousand Theban legions are there to give it the lie: charges of opposition to progress, because she is, and must remain to time, the church of the poor and of little children. They rang through the streets of Imperial Rome on the day Christina died for the faith that was in her. There is every reason to believe they will be ringing, no fainter and no more effectual, on the day generations unborn kneel at her shrine and pray for strength to make the choice she made—for Eternity against Time, for God against the gods.

ALL great disturbances of the waters throw up strange pieces of jetsam and flotsam and the law works out perfectly in connection with the Dayton doings. Strange wild forms of belief have been floating on the surface of publicity of late, but no stranger piece of jetsam has been cast up from the depths than a letter in our contemporary, Science, from the pen of Ira D. Cardiff. Mr. Cardiff is much disturbed in his mind that "various publicists equally devoid of moral courage" should have joined the "equivocal position of certain scientists of high station, who state that there is no conflict between science and religion [meaning of course, the Jewish-Christian religion.]" "Nothing," he declares, "has happened in a decade [in half a dozen decades] calculated to harm the cause of science more" than this. But why? That we are left to guess for ourselves and cannot even hazard a solution.

AGAIN, always according to Mr. Cardiff, "the cause of science is in deplorable straits when it must be defended by so-called scientists who would attempt to reconcile it with primitive Jewish folk-lore." Again why? Why in the name of Darwin—to use an imprecation which may appeal to this gentleman—must science fall into disrepute because it can be shown to be reconcilable with what he may call "primitive Jewish folk-lore" (it is so easy to use these phrases) but what very many men, at least as learned in Jewish folk-lore, have regarded and still regard as the word of God? And even if it were only folk-lore, why should science suffer damage merely because it fits in with it? The late Mr. Bryan, a man of real honesty, though not always well instructed, made some strange and startling statements in the course of his evidence, but none so strange, so startling, nor we may add so belated and wrong-headed. For it is just stupid and ignorant statements of this kind which really injure science in the minds of many not sufficiently well-informed to estimate them at their true value.

WHEN one considers the railway maps of the United States, or of the British Isles, or, indeed, of most parts of the earth, it is difficult to imagine that it will be only one hundred years next September since the first railway train ran its course. George Stephenson on September 27, 1825, drove his engine Locomotion from Darlington to Stockton, in the immediate vicinity, dragging behind it a curious assortment of what may be summed up as "cars," but would be unrecognized as such today, in which were goods and passengers. Long after this date, the "cars" in both England and the United States were modeled on the lines of the coaches which they were destined to throw into oblivion, as may be seen in the interesting model housed in Grand Central Station, New York. They carried baggage strapped on their roofs, with a "guard" seated on a "dicky," or back seat, at the rear of the vehicle. There is an even older steam-engine than Locomotion. Puffing Billy, which many transatlantic visitors must have examined with curiosity in Darlington Station, was built by Foster, Hackworth and Hedley in or about 1812, in the year in fact in which Blenkinsop's cog-wheel engine was constructed. Stephenson himself had built at least two engines in 1814 and 1815; none the less Locomotion, on the date mentioned, was the first to drag what could fairly be called a train from one station to another and thus to inaugurate that tremendous system without which we could hardly exist today.

WE had occasion to refer some weeks ago to the bizarre utterances of the Anglican Bishop of Birmingham, England, who easily surpasses his numerous modernist colleagues of the Church of England episcopate in shocking those co-religionists of his who still believe that a Bishop should at least be a Christian. Emulous, perhaps, of the position of his brother cleric and modernist, Dean Inge, Bishop Barnes has been telling the members attending the Congress of the Royal Institute of Public Health at Brighton that

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England has arrived at the point when birth-control, especially among the masses of the people, is an absolute necessity. "Speaking in the name of Christ, the lover of children" this ecclesiastic is audacious enough to say, "we ought to condemn"—What? This infamous doctrine? Not at all, but "large families" which "are a hindrance to social progress." He continues—"The change of the middle classes from large families to small ones is not—in spite of the general attitude of the sanctimonious—to be condemned."

AMONG the "sanctimonious" by the way must be reckoned the Anglican Vicar of Brighton who, on the Sunday after these egregious statements had been made, preached a sermon in which he declared that the utterances of the Bishop were directly contrary to the teaching of the Church to which they both belong. In the same week the Congress of Catholic Young Men's Societies of Great Britain, in conference at Newcastle-on-Tyne, passed a resolution condemning birth-control, which, they declared, was in large measure the cause of "the moral laxity of the present day." At the same time, they warned the Labor Party that if the unsavory topic was made a plank in their platform, they need not hope for any Catholic votes when election day came round.

ANATOLE FRANCE, whose position and character will be sufficiently familiar to readers of this review, having died, his brain was extracted for examination and proves to have been two and a half pounds in weight, or some twelve ounces below the weight of the average British brain. Curiously enough the brain of Gambetta, who, as many will remember was the first Prime Minister of France after the war of 1870-71, and was described not very flatteringly by Daudet in his novel Numa Roumestan, weighed the same. A further similarity is to be found in the fact that both brains were very numerously and deeply convoluted. As a contrast, it may be noted that the brain of Bismarck, Gambetta's great antagonist, weighed nearly four pounds, that is at least three-quarters of a pound above the normal.

THERE is a point of some ethnological importance here which should not be missed. When an ancient skull is discovered, it is stated as often as not that "the small size of this skull shows its possessor to have belonged to an inferior race," or words to that effect. Now the size of the skull is of importance in this connection only because it is the measure of the brain which it contained and thus affords an index of the size of that important organ. But from the facts above mentioned, and others, it is obvious that a small brain is not necessarily the index of a small intellect. There was a dwarf sometime ago, well known in the United States under the name of the Princess Pauline, who was highly intelligent and could speak four languages. She was two feet in height and her brain can only have weighed a few ounces. Had the skulls of Gambetta and France been discovered accidentally beneath some land-slide, both of them would have been put down as belonging to members of some mentally inferior race. Yet as far as what are commonly called "brains" go, both men were far beyond the average.

RUDYARD KIPLING'S "God of things as they are" is probably the only deity that sheriff John Russell, of Henryetta, Oklahoma, knows very much or cares very much about. A group of miners in Okmulgee County, where this official's word appears to be Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights, the Constitution and the Supreme Court, have been on strike since spring for the 1924 wage scale. They seem to think the dispensations of providence in their regard leave room for improvement, and have introduced the feature of open air prayer-meetings at which the safety of the men who have replaced them in their jobs is one among other petitions. On the plea that this contains a "veiled threat" against the strike-breakers, sheriff Russell, after a conference with the governor of the state, has jammed this broadcasting of grievances with the static of an injunction, and cut off, so far as in him lies, all appeal to a Court from which many injunctions of a very different and disturbing sort as to riches and poverty have already issued. The case is to be appealed, and meantime one hardly knows which to admire most: the pragmatic theory of the Okmulgee County authorities that prayer is a weapon too dangerous to be left in the hands of any but the economically docile, or the general chaos of our liberties which permits local Shallows and Dogberrys, whenever they conceive their own interests threatened, to make "disorderly conduct" out of a New Testament precept.

WHAT we have said several times since the Supreme Court decision in the Oregon school law case, namely, that the attack upon private and religious schools would soon be resumed, is already justified. We shall deal in our next issue with this matter, analyzing the proposed new federal education bill which is being promoted by the Scottish Rite Masons and the National Education Association. In this matter the utmost vigilance would seem to be called for. It is irritating to encounter prejudice and persistent misunderstanding, but they exist, and only calm, well-informed, and firm opposition to the enemies of religious education will avail. Catholics, certainly, although far from being the only ones whose rights and interests are menaced by the forces behind the attacks upon private and religious schools, are quite determined to maintain these rights.

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AMERICA thus far has not been a country where partisan points of view have been written into law as ruthlessly and malignantly as was the case in Oregon. That case has been finally settled. For Catholics it was more than a mere subject for legal quibbles and trial in court. Catholics have earned the title of their citizenship. They have a right to say that the fact that the Oregon Law should ever have been passed was in itself a breach of the national faith. For one hundred years and more it has been taken for granted both by the American Government and American Catholics, as well as other religious bodies, that children could be educated under religious auspices. For one hundred years the Catholics have built their schools out of their daily earnings, dedicating the flower of their womanhood to the teaching task, and enlisting the services of an increasingly large body of trained men. They have given the hard gifts of poverty as well as the easy largess of riches. They have learned not only to be proud of this achievement, but also to love it—even as Webster loved his Dartmouth. To aim a blow at Catholic schools is not merely an error in thinking, it is a violation of a code of honor as old as our hills.

THE PROHIBITION JAM

WHILE the oldest of American reviews is finding a new interest in the achievements of the Eighteenth Amendment, a periodical such as The Commonweal cannot concede that the question is ever old. We have recently seen a radical change in the attitude of the Federal Government towards enforcement of the law; in three separate states political campaigns are being fought primarily around the attitude of the nominees towards liquor; and, like the population, the supply of flasks increases every minute. Is there, one asks rather doubtfully, a right and a wrong in this matter? Has the law been imposed upon a people with whom thirst is not merely an instinct but a rightful privilege? Or is the old Adam breaking out like a rash on those whom a just reform is striving to bring into line with social welfare? The whole question may be a joke to the juvenile hordes who stagger through college proms; it may amuse the wayward many who scamper down secret staircases towards the vat that foams in silence. It is anything but a jest to the crowds which have been mowed down by poisonous drinks, to the dozens of poor devils who have gone to their death at the hands of revenue officers, to the rising capitalists who have made of smuggling an easy avenue to millions. It must also be vastly more than a diverting riddle to those who assume that governmental authority is a precious and sacred matter, basic to the smoothing of all our relations one with the other, and nursed in the shadow of the Divine hand.

The question of the Eighteenth Amendment will become amenable only when we set before ourselves alcohol and prohibition as facts and not as "causes" or mystical insignia. If we were content to say that here are certain beverages which from time immemorial the human race has taken with its daily bread, and that here is a method for the social regulation of these beverages—then, and then only, might we presume to establish the proper relation between these things. This the reformers have never done. They have written into law—under the pressure of abnormal circumstances—a sentimental ecstasy inherited from old revival hymns, a resentment of ancient whiskey dens where buxom beer-shields were fatal beacons to constantly befuddled farmers and working-men, the pathos of wives who reeled through life with gin-soaked husbands, the desire to iron out inefficiency from industrial labor. For them prohibition has been only a blunt negation of a gift of God—a negation which is not merely devoid of social wisdom, but which is a mystical error. They have brought no intelligence to bear upon the adjustment between alcohol and restraint. Not once in all the course of their propaganda have they so much as weighed the possibility that traffic in liquor might be just as hard to handle as traffic in beef and iron.

Wise old Le Play observed that good government is always a matter of constructive compromise. Because prohibition in the United States has refused to compromise, it has driven itself into a jam which it seeks to unravel with brute force and headstrong will. The chaos of the situation increases hourly; the government assumes that there is no chaos. And so each day brings its fresh waste of men, money, energy and the spirit of coöperation. No worse cliques have ever been formed in the United States—even among the "shoulder-hitters" of older New York—than the gangs which cater to the throats of those who have the cash to pay for spurning the Constitution. Never has social decorum suffered so intensely from the popping of corks and the pitiable degeneracy of young people—girls as well as boys—who learn from their elders a lesson in law-breaking, to the odor of raw cocktails and the gurgle of stinking drugs. It is argued that the thing can be pushed through, finally. We are told that this chain of graft, indiscretion and woe can finally be transmuted into a wreath as sweet and dry as the withered laurel taken from a Roman tomb. But seven years have produced no evidence in support of this contention. Against it, there arises the whirlwind of invective which has been steadily gathered from every street-corner in the land. All those who have attained a real eminence for knowledge of American affairs concede—very frequently in public—that the Eighteenth Amendment, as at present enforced, stands condemned.

Obviously it is time to do something. The difficulties may be great, but—to paraphrase a convenient phrase—ten difficulties do not make one rout. The really strange thing about the regulation of liquor is

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that it has never been studied. Nowhere has there been an effort to assemble information and arrive at reasonable conclusions about the problem which, more than any other, has augmented the discomfort of the country. Why is this so? Possibly because the question is surrounded with emotional auras. Possibly, also, because it is easy to make a general statement on the subject but tedious to find practical improvement. We all know, however, that prohibition and alcohol have come to something like an understanding in various countries. The several provinces of Canada, Sweden, Luxemburg, Switzerland—these have their separate forms of compromise. Is their experience no help to us? Or can we arrive at a better solution of the difficulty by giving it weight in our own experiment?

America, at present, does not know what reply to make to these queries. Congress is powerless to deal with them, because Congress uses them as fuel for votes. Enlightenment must come from those to whom the people look for guidance on policies of difficulty—the students, the lecturers, the professors, the religious authorities. We believe they must accept the responsibility of finding a way out of the prohibitory impasse. Only they can see the elements in the case calmly and clearly. Only they can measure the rightness of the old protest against saloons and vicious beverages; only they can bear in mind that America is not protesting the protection of man against the aggression of liquor, but the protection of man against protection. Mr. Belloc once remarked somewhat facetiously that the problem could be solved by ruling out all forms of alcoholic drink which have come in since the Reformation. The work to be done is not so simple. But as a first step toward improvement, it might be desirable to abolish all beverages which have appeared since the passing of the Eighteenth Amendment.

A DEAN ABROAD

IN CONNECTION with the leading modernists of England, the gloomy Dean, whose activities inspired Father Ronald Knox to remark that "Merry England" seems to have become "Gloomy Ingeland," our London contemporary, The Tablet, prints a letter written by Mr. Paul Bakewell, of St. Louis, Missouri, which presents the Dean in anything but an admirable light, as concerns his methods in attacking the Catholic Church. Mr. Bakewell's letter and the comments of The Tablet are of such interest that we reprint them in full—

DEAN INGE'S LATEST

To the Editor of THE TABLET

Sir—I am amused to note in The Tablet of June 20 (p. 823) that Dean Inge, on his short visit to my country, has been "hearing" strange things. As would seem to be common with the Dean, when he desires to make an attack on the "Roman Church" in "America," he undertakes to quote from some unnamed alleged informant. In this case the Dean was "amazed to hear from a New York editor that if he tried to print anything unfavorable to the Roman Church his Irish compositors would alter or omit it." Does the Dean believe all he may hear? Or was the unnamed editor joking with the Dean? It would seem reasonably certain that the New York editor who got off that joke on the Dean could not be the editor of the Forum (New York), whose guest the Dean was *"during his recent visit to America"* (see the Forum, July, 1925, first part, under the heading "Toast"). I say it could not have been this editor (the host of Dean Inge during his recent visit to America, as the July issue of the Forum alleges) for this simple reason: the June number of the Forum, edited by a "New York editor," contains, as you may have seen and read, a most shallow, false, and stupid attack on what Dean Inge designates as the "Roman Church," in an article written by one Dr. Charles Fama. Dr. Fama's article, I am glad to see, has been completely met and refuted in the Forum for July by our distinguished American citizen and writer, William Franklin Sands.

Had the Dean inquired of his late American host, or had he read his host's magazine for June, 1925, or for April, 1925, the last-named number containing an attack on the "Roman Church," ably answered in the Forum for May, 1925 (when Dean Inge was in New York), by Dr. Frederick J. Kinsman, his host would have informed him, as his senses too would have borne witness, that "New York editors" have no difficulty in finding compositors who will set up in type and print any kind of "rot," nonsense, or anything "unfavorable to the Roman Church" that malice or ignorance may submit for publication.

As you well say in The Tablet of June 20, touching this statement of Dean Inge—"On the face of it this is a monstrous absurdity. No editor in New York or in any other city would allow compositors, Irish or of any other nationality, to come between him and his readers in such a way as to magnify themselves into super-editors." You are entirely right. Ask *any* editor in New York or elsewhere in the United States.

Are the English audiences to whom Dean Inge addresses such statements as gullible as the Dean appears to be? Or does the Dean intend such statements to be taken in "a Pickwickian sense"?

I very much incline to the opinion that the "New York editor," unnamed, from whom the Dean claims to have *heard* that amazing statement, might be a difficult person to find in New York. He would certainly be a *rara avis*.

Yours, &c.,

PAUL BAKEWELL.

[We thank Mr. Bakewell. But may we say that, living 3,000 miles off, he fails to appreciate the good done to Britons by Dean Inge? On this side of the Atlantic we have been disposed to assume a superior and censorious air towards American journalists. We have accused them of inventing "interviews," of indulging in exaggeration, and of succumbing to malice. Today, however, we are chastened. Having among us a high ecclesiastic, Dean of a world-famous cathedral, educated by and among gentlemen, who is not ashamed of writing slanders (which he always declines to substantiate) in return for fat payments from popular newspapers, it is not for us Britons to attack the journalists of any other country.—EDITOR (The Tablet).]

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FUNDAMENTALISM AND THE FAITH

By T. LAWRASON RIGGS

THE CAULDRON of fundamentalist versus liberal controversy, so constantly simmering in the Protestant churches of late, attained a more energetic boil in the Scopes trial. The case involved other issues, but, with Protestants vehemently eloquent on both sides, it emphasized with peculiar force the opposing tendencies which divide the Reformation's spiritual children. Where do Catholics stand in regard to the strife between conservative and liberal Protestants, a warfare in which men of sincerity and good intentions, equally convinced that they represent the soundest Christian tradition, are fighting on both sides, and whose violent if scarcely decisive battles resound with the names of Grant, Bryan, Scopes and Fosdick?

Like most others involving the Catholic viewpoint, the question cannot be answered in a word. It involves qualifications and distinctions. Be it said in the first place that Catholics can have nothing but sincerest sympathy with the fundamentalist's devotion to supernatural Christianity, above all to the Incarnation with its attendant miracles, as beliefs which cannot be abandoned without the surrender of the historic faith. In his Christianity and Liberalism, Professor J. Gresham Machen, of Princeton, has insisted on the fact with effective force, by analyzing the liberal conceptions of God, Christ, Salvation, etc., and showing the contrast with historic Christianity in a manner often suggestive of Pius X's condemnation of modernism. In the New York Times, the same author has recently summarized his faith—

> Christianity, then, in our view, is not a life as distinct from a doctrine, or a life of which doctrine is the symbolic expression, but just the other way round—it is a life founded on a doctrine . . . The Gospel, as indeed the term "news" implies, is an account, not of something which always was true, but of something that happened; Christianity is based not merely on ethical principles or eternal truths, but also on historic facts . . . The outstanding miracle in the New Testament is the emergence of the body of Jesus from the tomb. Upon that miracle the Christian Church was founded . . . it is connected with a consistent representation of Jesus in the New Testament as a supernatural person . . . not divine only because divinity courses through all things . . . but the Eternal Son of God who came voluntarily into the world for our redemption . . . Thus we make Jesus not merely an example for faith but primarily the object of faith. In doing so we have the whole New Testament on our side; the Jesus who preached "a religion of Jesus" and not "a religion about Jesus" [a favorite antithesis of Dr. Fosdick's] never really was heard of until modern times; the Jesus of the gospels presented Himself not merely as teacher but also as Lord and Redeemer.

Dr. Machen differs from us in important matters concerning the scheme of salvation. His views on grace and faith are substantially Calvinistic. He fancies, quite erroneously, that mediaeval theology believed in salvation merited by works; but when he testifies to revelation as a unique body of objective truth and to the Trinity, the Incarnation, and the Redemption as the central truths of revelation, he is nearer to us, as he himself declares, than to the liberals in his own denomination.

Are the historic doctrines which Dr. Machen so ably and staunchly defends likely to prevail in the Protestant churches against the attenuations and negations of the liberals? They certainly seem to be losing ground at present, nay, to the profound sorrow of Catholics who share them, they seem fatally destined to lose more. A prime reason for such a pessimistic prophecy is the absence of a living authority in Protestantism or, stated from the Protestant point of view, the doctrine that Scripture is the only rule of faith.

When the sixteenth century reformers declared Scripture, interpreted by the individual, to be the only source of revealed truth, and at the same time maintained belief in a revelation objectively and uniquely true, they ignored, among other things, such as the nature of the Bible itself, the contradiction at the heart of their position. If revealed truth means what each one makes of Scripture, there cannot be one single body of revealed truth, unless all the searchers agree on essentials. But the searchers at once proceeded to disagree with great vehemence, as interpreters of any document, who acknowledge no authority but themselves, will inevitably do. So the reformers, powerless to achieve unity among themselves or their followers by merely saying that the Holy Ghost would enlighten the individual searcher, threw over the principle of private judgment in practice—after all, it had served its purpose against the church—equated the true meaning of Scripture with their own interpretation, and secured such local and temporary unity as they could by the coercive assistance of civil authority.

In so far as these means ceased to be available, and social pressure in favor of any one sect had lessened, their multiplication proceeded apace. For several centuries, belief in one objectively true revelation persisted, each group condemning as heretical those who disagreed with it, again in spite of the principle of private judgment. Such a state of things, however, could not last; the period of many rival and mutually exclusive interpretations of revelation was inevitably succeeded, among an increasing number of Protestants, by the abandonment of the whole idea of an objectively true revelation and the eager adoption of the liberal or modernistic attitude, which regards truth

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as wholly subjective and relative, and which views doctrine as a symbol of experience, indefinitely variable, and to be tested solely in terms of results. The tendency has been enormously stimulated by pragmatic philosophies and by the naturalistic scepticism which the nineteenth century saw fit to canonize as the scientific spirit. It can claim, however, to be the logical outcome of the Protestant principle of private judgment. "You have always told me," the liberal can say to the fundamentalist, "that God's truth was to be found in what each believer made of Scripture. But believers have arrived at endlessly contradictory conclusions as to what Scripture is and what it teaches. Thank God, I have found a clue out of the bewildering labryinth! I know now that God's truth can include all these because its essence is to symbolize experience, not to define the indefinable." And the fundamentalist has no really satisfactory answer.

He may, of course, attempt to revive civil coercion in favor of his interpretation of Scripture, a proceeding in thorough accordance with the history of Protestantism, for though Protestantism and the Catholic Church have both sought state support in the past, such support is far more necessary for an ecclesiastical body which in theory, at least, claims no authority but that of Scripture. The Tennessee law is an instance of this; and a fundamentalist clerical party, in the form of the Anti-Saloon League, has secured the support of the secular arm for the enforcement of its moral prejudices on the whole country. The Methodist Episcopal church—many of whose members are alarmed at the menace to American institutions said to be inseparable from Catholic parochial schools, and even regale themselves with the quaint bogey of a papal migration to Washington—has blandly housed its Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals in a sumptuous palace at the gates of Congress, and clearly intends to accomplish as much union of church and state as the nation will endure. The results may be increasingly irksome to non-fundamentalists, but there seems to be no possibility of their checking the spread of Protestant liberalism in the dogmatic sphere. A national campaign along such lines would surely produce such a revulsion of feeling as to defeat its own purpose.

Should the fundamentalist choose to invoke the authority of confessions of faith of ecclesiastical assemblies, the liberal can retort with entire truth that creeds and synods represent an unprotestant appeal to tradition, a negation of the essential principle of the reformation, however inconsistent early Protestants may have been about the matter. And the liberal certainly has the best of the argument.

Another refuge of the fundamentalists, especially the less intelligent ones, is an undiscriminating and wholesale attachment of the literal words of both testaments of the Bible. Here the revolt from the Catholic Church has most significantly resulted in bondage rather than freedom, for the Church's conception of biblical inspiration and inerrancy is a complex and in a sense a flexible thing, not a rigid and mechanical formula. As Mr. Chesterton has admirably put it, she declares that "what the Bible means is true;" but she is slow to define what the Bible means, and her commentators have always recognized the presence in Holy Writ of varied kinds of truth, symbolic and poetic as well as literal, nor have they claimed for the authors of Scripture a scientific knowledge beyond that of their times. "The Holy Spirit," said Saint Augustine of these authors, "who spoke by them, did not intend to teach man these things which are in no way profitable to salvation." Pope Leo XIII in his great encyclical Providentissimus Deus declares, after quoting the African Doctor's words, that the biblical authors "did not seek to penetrate the secrets of nature but rather described and dealt with things in more or less figurative language or in terms which were commonly used at the time, and which, in many instances, are in daily use at this day, even by the most eminent men of science. Ordinary speech primarily and properly describes what comes under the senses; and somewhat in the same way the sacred writers—as the angelic Doctor also reminds us—'went by what sensibly appeared,' or put down what God, speaking to men, signified, in the way they could understand and were accustomed to." Indeed, if the fundamentalists would trust the Holy See, carrying on unbroken the exegetical principles of Augustine and Aquinas, to keep their scriptural interpretation within the bounds of Christian tradition, they could enjoy a freedom in such matters as the Mosaic account of creation far beyond that of their present position! But that is merely wishing that they were Catholics. As it is, they must pay for the "freedom" which the Reformation gave by living in fear of the least departure from literal exegesis, lest this should be the first step on a slope ending in the liberal denial of any real biblical inspiration. They cannot hope to defend the heritage of supernatural Christianity by imposing biblical literalism upon their opponents any more than by appeals to ecclesiastical authority inconsistent with Protestantism.

Besides an exegesis at once more rigidly literal and less effective than that of the Catholic Church, adopted in the absence of any living authority to safeguard that of Scripture, fundamentalism labors under another disadvantage in its characteristic lack of a sound theistic philosophy as the rational basis for supernatural religion. Now this neglect of natural religion is another essential tendency of Protestantism. The reformers carried still further the anti-intellectualism of late mediaeval philosophy as manifested in Occam and the nominalists. According to Luther and Calvin, human reason shares in the total corruption of human nature ascribed to the Fall. Where the Church had defined faith as an intellectual assent

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to truths accepted on God's authority, given under the influence of grace, and presupposing reasons for belief, the reformers made it a conviction of personal salvation through the imputed merits of Christ. They thus divorced it entirely from the intellect and made it in the last analysis a matter of emotion.

In some forms of Protestantism, vital importance was attached to the emotional crisis of "conversion" and the feelings experienced thus became a thermometer of sanctity. This sweeping denial of the function of reason in religion naturally tended toward the neglect of apologetics, that is to say, the rational grounds for belief in the divine origin of the Christian revelation as a whole, and towards a lack of interest in the philosophic theism which apologetics pre-supposes. It is true that Protestants have done admirable work in both spheres—Butler's famous Analogy and Flint's lectures on Theism and Anti-Theistic Theories are examples—but the main stream of Protestant tradition is nevertheless antagonistic to the elaboration of such rational or historical supports to revealed religion. Among the fundamentalists this antagonism is found in so far as they inherit the Lutheran and Calvinistic contempt for the natural reason with its attendant emotionalizing of faith. The anti-intellectualism of the liberals comes, not directly from Luther and his fellow reformers, but transposed into the philosophic terms of the Lutheran Kant. De Grandmaison and Rousselot in Christus, the admirable French manual of comparative religion, have summed up the situation as follows—"Just as Lutheran doctrine derives faith from a feeling of confidence rather than from an illumination of the intellect, so it is on the moral will rather than on rational speculation that Kant establishes that certainty concerning God and the soul which he calls faith."

This Kantian mistrust of the mind's powers is more fatal to dogmatic Christianity than the anti-intellectualism of the reformers, for it leaves no intellectual content to dogma, as the reformers inconsistently did, but evolves into the modernistic attitude already described, namely, that dogma is a symbolic formulation of experience rather than a statement of objective truth claiming the assent of intellect.

Like their chief philosophic ancestor, moreover, the liberals find no difficulty in combining a radical mistrust of reason as a constructive element in religion with the completest confidence in its rights and powers for purposes of destructive criticism. Kant destroyed the cogency of the traditional arguments for God's existence, they hold. To trust in them is to be guilty of "the arid intellectualism of the middle-ages." To defend the Christian revelation by the old apologetic arguments is to show a hopelessly antiquated belief in miracles, and to ascribe intellectual content to dogmatic formulas is equally behind these pragmatic times. Yet phrases like "the discoveries of modern science" or "the established results of biblical criticism," bandied about with little effort to analyze or specify their meaning, have become magical formulas guaranteed to protect any dissolvent theory from conservative censures, and to secure the instant and unquestioning acceptance of all truly spiritual Christians.

It is evident that private judgment and intellectual agnosticism are carrying the left wing of Protestantism to a position further and further away from anything more than a nominal resemblance to historic Christianity, and constantly closer to vaguely pantheistic humanitarianism. It is also evident, however, that the anti-intellectualism of the liberals, no less than their insistence on the right of private judgment, has been an essential note of Protestantism from the beginning, whatever other sources both tendencies have. So here again fundamentalists are well-nigh powerless. They are estopped, so to speak, from stemming the ravaging waters of agnosticism, because they cannot, while remaining loyal to the reformers, maintain that faith is in any sense built upon reason; just as they cannot set limits to destructive criticism of the Bible without making an unprotestant appeal to tradition.

The absence of a living authority in matters of religion, and anti-intellectualism, which regards reason as radically corrupt, and faith as totally unrelated to reason, these are the heritages from the sixteenth century that go far to make the fundamentalist's defense of supernatural Christianity a losing struggle. The fault of the reformers in failing to see that their principles were incompatible with the maintenance of any deposit of faith is the misfortune of their spiritual descendants. Professor Machen objects to being called a fundamentalist on the ground that it sounds like the name of some "strange new sect." But, alas, the difficulties of his school lie precisely in the fact that they are members of a "strange new sect" called Presbyterianism. In no spirit of pharasaic superiority, but with deepest sympathy in a courageous struggle for that which both hold dear, the Catholic must ask the fundamentalist to reconsider, with prayer rather than prejudice, his attempt to follow in the footsteps of Luther and Calvin, and at the same time to defend the religion of Jesus Christ, true God and true Man, born of a Virgin, raised from the dead, and offering salvation to mankind through His blood.

To a Young Girl

Never be a beggar maid;
  What does it mean
To peer through a hedge
  At the wealth of a queen?

Sleep in the brambles
  And dine on a stone
Till you can show her
  A crown of your own.

MARGUERITE WILKINSON.

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CONCERNING NANCY LUCE

By GRACE GUINEY

THE complete works of Nancy Luce are contained in thirty-one small pages of print. I know they are her complete works, for that is the title of the book, or rather pamphlet—A Complete Edition of the Works of Nancy Luce, of West Tisbury, Dukes County, Massachusetts, 1883. But perhaps, after all, she wrote another book later—I hope not, for I couldn't bear not to have it. This one is a gem.

I know nothing whatever of the writer except what can be learned from these few pages of Poetry, Instructions as to the Care of the Hens, and Prayers. And a strange, haunting portrait, the frontispiece. Never can anyone in the world have looked more like a hen—a melancholy, patient, bewildered hen.

Miss Nancy's poetry is an early and entirely successful venture in free verse, although she lapses into rhyme and metre here and there: the tradition, in 1883, was too strong to permit perfect emancipation. With what economy she gets her effects! Her instinct for words is admirable. Yet she was (from internal evidence) but a lone Yankee spinster, living forlornly in a New England village, on Martha's Vineyard, an island near Cape Cod, in ill-health, and doubtless laughed at by her bucolic neighbors; uneducated, poor, and I fear eventually half-mad in a gentle, self-righteous, self-tortured way.

Why is her book, her Complete Edition, so enthralling? At first it seems merely absurd, to be laughed at, like herself, and then forgotten. But somehow the picture she had made of herself remains, and one goes back for details. All is gloom.

Sickness distressing, by trouble and trials,
Walk, stir, or do a little in the house,
It hurts me very bad . . .
My head a place of misery all the time
And part of my time in great misery.
And noise sets my head
In a dreadful condition,
And air brings on pain.
Milk my cow, take care of my hens,
In such misery I felt as if I must fall at every step.
But I must do it, I must do it.

Poor Miss Nancy! She remembers happier days, to find little solace therein now—

You don't know how hard it is to me
Because I cannot ride somewhere.
I cannot ride nor walk out, impossible yet.
I used to ride once in a while
On a canter, galop, and run.
O what a comfort that was!

I have had horses to run with me
So that the ground looked
All in black and white streaks.
There never was a horse
That ever started me from their back.
Now I am deprived from all comforts of life.

Evidently her people had been prosperous when she was young. One can see her, a healthy free creature, in those stern, prim days of an old New England, stealing away from censorious eyes to leap upon her father's astonished cob, and to fly, fly, till the ground seemed all in black and white streaks, and her netted hair came blowing about her face. In that day, air did not bring on pain. But the dank mist of Puritanism quelled, at last, that hoyden spirit, and now she writes and (alas!) believes, that it is—

O how much better to go to house of mourning
Than to go to house of plays and frolicking.
Sorrow is better than laughter.
By sadness of the countenance the heart is made better.
O how I love the Holy law,
'Tis daily my delight,
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

We do not know how the change came about, nor what turned gay Nancy into a wandering-minded melancholic, harassed with fear of joy. A satanic theology did its part well, no doubt. But does it explain all? It is natural to suppose that she was crossed in love; and strong negative testimony to the truth of this guess is given by her book. Nowhere in its pages is mentioned any person of the opposite sex (as she would once herself have put it), nor is any reference made to love, marriage, children, or any matter of our common interests. She states quietly—

When Poor little Ada Queetie
Departed this life,
That was the first cause
Of my seeking for God.
The path of sorrow
And that path alone
Leads to the land
Where sorrows are unknown.

But I, for one, cannot believe that the death of a hen, however brilliant and beloved—

(She had more than common wit,
She was my own heart within me),

darkened all life in one moment and for ever, even for the troubled soul of Nancy Luce. For one thing, Ada Queetie would never have obtained such ascendancy over a certain clear-eyed mischievous maiden whom we saw galloping (probably saddle-less and astride) on

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father's cob a little while ago. That fearless heart had been shrivelled and brought low long before Ada Queetie ever broke her shell. But we shall never, never know that obscure village tragedy now. The eternal New England coast saw it, and is silent. And Miss Nancy, voluble enough about other things, especially hens, is not less silent.

Beaten and baffled by humanity, she spends her remaining days in winning strange comfort from such unpromising material as barnyard fowls. It gives one a new respect for hens to discover the light and beauty they brought into Miss Nancy's shattered life. Almost all her poetry is about them: their pretty ways, their intelligence and affection, and, in great detail, their heartbreaking deaths and the loneliness they leave her in when they die. I could quote pages of her direct art in presenting them. And whence got she the rippling music of their names? Meleany Teotolly, Feleanyo Appe, Teedie Tealy, Levendy Ludandy, Speckekey Lepurlyo, Kalally Rosiekey, Beauty Linna, Jantie Jafy. Such stuff are dreams made of.

In one instance, after a number of prayers, Miss Nancy announces—"Lines composed . . . about poor little Tweedle Tedel Bebee Pinky, when she was a little chicken. And you will find more reading in the book about her." This last statement is indeed true. But here are some of the lines—

When poor little heart Pinky
Was about six weeks old,
She was taken with the chicken distemper.
Chickens died off all over this island.

She was catching grasshoppers, and crickets,
In the forenoon smart.
At twelve o'clock she was taken sick,
And grew worse.

At one o'clock she was past opening her eyes,
And could not stand.
Her body felt cold
And stiff to my hand.

I give her portion of epsom salts
With a little black pepper in it.
I wept over her that afternoon;
I prayed to the Lord to save me her life . . .

Then I put her in a thing, a good soft bed,
And lay down and spoke to her often.
Say how do you do, little dear, she answered me quick.
Then I knew she was better.

The next day I gave her
Warm water to drink.
The third day she was herself,
Got well and smart.

She remained well four years,
And laid me pretty eggs.
Then the Lord thought best to take her from the evil to come,
Without being sick but a very little while . . .

Her death renewed me to seek for God
To land in heaven hereafter.

I hope I never shall have a hen
To set so much by again.
Poor sweet little dear,
Down in her silent grave,
Turning to dust.
O heart rending!

But Ada Queetie, who died in 1858, seems to have been the flower of the flock, and to have given our lonely Miss Nancy many hours of interest by her pretty tricks. I wish more of them had been described; but even as it is, Ada Queetie is surely more alive and individual than any other hen, not excepting any among those now within my own hearing.

Poor little Ada Queetie,
She used to do everything I told her,
Let it be what it would,
And knew every word I said to her.
If she was as far off as across the room,
And I made signs to her with my fingers,
She knew what it was,
And would spring quick and do it.

When Poor little heart happened to be out of the room,
And I was forced to lie down,
She would come and peek at me, and take on,
As if her heart must break.
And come straight to me and lament my cause,
And would not go from me.

She would do 54 wonderful cunning things,
Poor Beauty would do 39.
They would do part of them without telling,
And do all the rest of them with telling.

I used to dream distressing dreams,
About what was coming to pass,
And awoke making a dreadful noise,
And she was so worried for me.
Then I would speak to her and say:
Little dear,
Nothing ails you, friendy.
Then she would stop and speak a few pretty words to me.

O my beloved little heart, she was my own heart within me.
She was my dear and nearest friend, to love and pity me.
O do consider my poor little heart.

Miss Nancy is not all poetry and sentiment about her hens. She is sternly practical, too, and gives exact instructions as to the proper care of your poultry. A mysterious compound called "Huile D'olive" (how did the village store ever happen to contain such an exotic?) is almost a specific for hennish ills. What could be simpler than this? "If a hen has warped neck rub on castor oil, faithful, a number of times, and give her a little Huile D'olive to take inside, a good chance her neck comes in place again, this is a

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seldom case." Exhortation is not lacking. "It is your duty to take good care, and not let anything hurt your hens, consider dear little hens." At this point poetry becomes necessary again—

The great sin, in the site of God, is to cruel the poor harmless dumb creatures.
They cannot speak nor help themselves.
The next sin is to cruel sick human.
The next sin is to cruel any who cannot help themselves . . .
God wants all to be tender and kind.
Soft be our hearts, their misery to feel,
And swift
Our hands to aid.

To the hard-headed country-folk around her, Miss Nancy must have seemed a harmless lunatic who had a way with hens. For the most part, I have a suspicion that that is exactly what she was. Still, to me, there is a singular attractiveness about her stark indomitable figure as it is outlined in these yellowing pages of her little book. I cannot but hope that she and her company of hens are happily fulfilled in the New Jerusalem, where her Edition is indeed Complete.

NEW TRACTS FOR THE TIMES

By HILAIRE BELLOC

I WONDER whether it would be worth anybody's while—worth the while of a publisher, or of a writer with sufficient means of his own—to organize at this stage of the great controversy in which the world is engaged, a series of short clear books upon apologetics suited to our time: not little tracts, of which we have, upon the Catholic side, a very large number—most of them excellent and enjoying an immense and increasing circulation—but books.

We have individual examples which are of the first merit, and among these, I suppose, is that extraordinary little book on the Gospels, by Dr. Arundsen, which is the very best thing of its kind I have ever read. But there is something about a series which adds greatly to the value of its component units. Men take each work in it the more seriously because it is supported by its fellows in the regiment. Men are more likely to obtain a book which belongs to a series, than they are to obtain an isolated book in such a connection, and the books of the series help to sell one another. The time is ripe for such a thing, and if certain negative rules were observed, it could do nothing but good.

The time is ripe because the controversy between Catholic truth and its opponents has reached today, certainly in England, and the English-speaking Dominions of the Crown, but still more, I believe, in the United States, a position comparable to that in the Mediterranean world a century before the conversion of that world. We are still a small minority, but we are the only body with something definite and permanent, continuous unchanging, profound and multitudinous to say, and what we have to say answers the great questions which mankind is driven to put to itself. No one else provides an answer. Our opponents either have the intelligence to maintain the thesis that no answer is obtainable, or (the greater part of them) unintelligently support divers answers which experience has already shown to be ephemeral and of no value. Again, as in that time 1,700 years ago, we stand solid, while everything around us is in flux and dissolution.

The negative rules to which I have just alluded seem to me in this connection to be essential. We should have to confine ourselves in such a series to two things on which there is no doubt in any Catholic mind. We should have to avoid the effects of that very fecundity and wealth of speculation and of conclusion which is, in other respects, one of the very best and noblest products of the Faith. We should have, for instance, in the matter of property, to present the solid minimum of doctrine, and not to allow a man who was enthusiastic for the guild system or for coöperation, or for a peasantry or for any other particular ideal, to run his hobby, even when his hobby is in tune with the spirit of the Faith. For in allowing such individual feelings in a series of this kind, we should be confusing, in the mind of the non-Catholic reader, Catholic doctrine with private conclusions; what is worse, we should excite controversy among ourselves; an excellent thing in every other field but in the field of absolute exposition. We could have, I think, a sound exposition on this point of property; we could even have, I think (but it is perilous in such an age as ours) a thorough and clear statement of the two points on usury—(a) What usury is, and (b) Why usury is wrong.

We could have a book upon the doctrine of marriage. We could have a defense of growth in church usage, discipline, and form, what was called in an earlier generation, "development."

That last point is most important; for we need today a clear little book explaining to everybody what not one man in ten outside our boundaries has grasped, that the apparent novelty of a Catholic practice proceeding in *true lineage* is no argument against its value or its essential foundation in truth. A living thing changes perpetually, but changes only within its norm. A rose puts forth new shoots, but they are the shoots of the rose. Our contemporaries fail on this point, I think, more than upon any other; and we also fail upon it, for we do not make ourselves clear to them.

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Thus we could have, in this very connection, a book upon Papacy; not arguing unhistorically that such and such a phase of its development is earlier than scholars can easily prove it to be; not describing the acorn as an oak or the "tiller" as a full-grown tree; but saying exactly what happened, glorying in it and showing how providential and necessary the varying accounts of our age-long battles prove this Divine Institution to be.

We could have a little book on the doctrine of miracle, crammed with examples of that doctrine.

We could have a little book on the essentials of philosophy, or perhaps more than one, half a dozen, examining in turn the false postulates which have got hold of modern man one after the other since the seventeenth century, have led him astray, and are now doubted, especially by their former dupes.

What could be more valuable, for instance, than a book presenting to the average reader the essential point which is so strongly put by Saint Thomas—the point that proof is not of one kind for all subjects, but varies with the matter to be proved? For our contemporaries are still bemused with the facile simplicity of one most imperfect, restricted method of proof dependent upon mere measure.

It is ours to point out that you do not apply the same tests to the question as to whether a picture is good, or a dinner well-cooked; that you do not arrive at your conclusions upon morals by the same methods as you arrive at your conclusions upon an historical sequence; that the doctrine of proportion, for instance, is as essential to a right judgment as the ascertainment of mere fact.

We could have a number of little books dealing with particular capital points in history; not only those turning-points in definition and discipline which have maintained the Faith in the moment of peril, but with the larger questions, the continuity of our civilization, the doubt, confusion and honest indignation preceding and making possible the shipwreck of the sixteenth century, and so on.

The series is there waiting to be written, and the time has come for its production. It needs one man to direct it and he would have to submit it wholly to authority, excluding without question whatever authority demanded to have excluded. Within that framework such a series might even now turn the tide.

For the tide will turn, and that I fancy fairly soon, but it will not turn without effort. The metaphor of the tide breaks down on this point. The tide will turn; there is a general movement throughout the world which indicates that most clearly. Catholic culture—as expressed in political communities now at last free and powerful, as expressed in a general intellectual attitude, as expressed in the supremacy of a growing number of Catholic writers—has turned from the defensive to the offensive. But the conduct of the offensive is not a matter of course; it cannot be ordered without conscious and coördinated will.

MID-AUGUST

By MARY KOLARS

IN MID-AUGUST on the farm, the air near the orchard begins to speak of ripening apples—and very agreeable speech it is, too. The hard green pears show a hard red flush all down their afternoon side. The grapes on the vines that run along the top of the fence are half grown; hold a bunch of them up against the sun, and the dark veins show clearly, threading through each translucent little green orb. The ox-heart cherries have gone, of course, but in the fields and along the hedges the choke-cherries are dead ripe, and in the garden the blackberries are ripening, too. How succulent, how tastable they look, those shining clumps that pull down the vines! You can imagine your teeth shutting down, and the rich, winey blood spurting out of the fat little black globules that stud each cone-like berry.

If you are fond of flowers (as if there were, perhaps, someone who is not!) you can do one of two things: you can stay at home and walk in the garden; or you can go out in the steep, stony pasture (this is in the foothills of the Catskills) and, sitting down on a rock that heaves a shoulder out of the earth, in the tide of the strong sweet smell that rolls in from the flowering buckwheat below, to the tune of a million bees at plunder, you can look about you at what unassisted nature has provided for your delectation.

In the garden, the peonies and roses are no more. But you will never miss them. There are phlox as tall as a tall man's shoulder, and deep cerise in color. There are opulent white hydrangeas making great mounds of snow through the garden. There are pink and yellow dahlias (a flower which I do not find interesting—but who am I to impose my tastes?) and calendulas looking like overgrown marigolds, and red and white cosmos on high plumy bushes. There is a group of very tall tiger-lilies which seem like debauched Easter-lilies. I confess that I feel about a tiger-lily much as I do about a snake; in the abstract, I admit that it is beautiful, but in the concrete, I like it best on the other side of the garden. However, if you have a more spiced or recondite preference in these matters, the tiger-lily will do nicely for you, with the staring brown specks spotting up its orange corolla, and its six provocatively thrust-out tongues dripping with velvety dark powder. There is also golden-glow, most beautiful of tall plants, massing its toppling bloom into loads and drifts of dazzling yellow.

These are our heavy dragoonery. But we have an abundance, too, of shorter-stemmed blossoms—foot-soldiers of the garden. The asters have begun to come out, and there are lovely paper-skinned poppies and nasturtiums (or perhaps it should be nasturtia) and snapdragons and zinnias. It is always a surprise to me to realize that snapdragons are beautiful. I hold that anything with a freak shape has no title to beauty; and yet these headlike, undershot blossoms are exquisite. It is probably because they cluster so closely all down the stem, that individual shapes are lost, and they seem merely a delicate, irregular frill of divinely colored petal-tissue.

But the zinnias are the most amazing. The zinnia is a squat plant with a strong stem and leaves that roughen against the palm of the hand. Its flowers are huge, staring things composed of lessening rings of petals, like dahlias; the petals are not folded but flat, velvet instead of waxy, and tinted as no dahlia ever dreamed of being tinted. A scarlet zinnia is like an explosion of color, like a shout, like a blow. It gives

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the eye accustomed to commercial hues an experience of scarlet that simply recreates the power of seeing. It is violently, shamelessly scarlet. It is almost gross. Yet it is of an incredible purity, too, and though it blazes and devours, no fault can be found with it for unseemliness. It is merely itself. It keeps, it fulfills the law of scarlet. It is scarlet as a wolf is swift or a cat graceful—irresistibly, with unspoiled integrity.

If you walk abroad, August is mainly a month of yellow. Of course there are exceptions. The marsh beyond the pasture is so thick with joe-pye weed that its whole floor seems to have been elevated some three feet, and colored a solid crushed-strawberry. This is banded, in turn, by another tall, abundant growth which I cannot identify. It looks like wild phlox, and is of a pale, most delicate, most patrician pink. "Some kind of a pig-weed," is the opinion of the kitchen, to which I appealed for classification, "when we were kids we used to snap it on the back of our hand." Sure enough, each separate blossom discovers a longish, bulbous calyx, which pops audibly if brought smartly into contact with something resistant. There is, too, red clover, and the smartweed of my childhood, that sends up low stalks encrusted with minute, tightly furled buds, which later have a brief, reluctant flowerhood. Then there are the purples and blues—the wild bachelor buttons which grow three feet tall, and have the happy instinct to mix with the golden-rod in old, deserted orchards; the lovely wild bluebells; the tiny-blossomed, close-growing plant, like heliotrope moss, which empurples great strips of pasture-land, and to which the farmers give the name "pernicious weed;" alfalfa, sweetest-smelling of all field growths; blue vetch, which is the wild purple sweet-pea; and finally, a nettly-stemmed wayside flower, called simply blueweed, whose deep pink buds turn into blue, bell-shaped corollas with cerise filaments. There are the whites, too: the blown thistles which stand in troops on the hillside; the remaining daisies; the dog-flower (which is like a small, rank-smelling daisy that never grew up); the white wild clover; the snake-flower, a mere staring yellow eye surrounded by a silky white fringe; and the white-flower-in-chief of the August pastures and orchards, the only one which can dispute territory with the golden-rod or wild mustard—the wild parsnip, which bears hereabouts the satisfying name of Queen Anne's lace. Each blossom is really a circle of innumerable blossoms, minute and starshaped; and there is a finishing rim of larger outer petals. It does look precisely like the motif of some lace pattern which might have been woven by the master lace-maker of the world for a great queen.

But all these are mere interludes in the general symphony of yellow—of yellow, the color of ripeness and appeasement. First, there is the yellow mustard—everywhere: in every oat-field, in every hay-field, brimming over every marsh and ditch. Beyond the buckwheat field at the foot of the pasture, is a large plot of carefully tended, carefully rowed potatoes; and rolling faithfully down every furrow in exactly parallel lines, a smothering tide of color, goes the exuberant, crowding, yellow ubiquity. It lights up the farther hillsides in great patches, and makes a beautiful contrast (of which the farmers are but imperfectly appreciative) with the sown purple alfalfa. And the mustard is not all. There are golden-rod—tufted and dripping richness, brown-eyed susans with hearts colored like cat-tails, and showy, perishable petals, stout, tall mullein-clubs with studding clusters of pretty yellow bloom—and a golden variety of Queen Anne's lace. There is evening primrose, which bears at its very top a bursting clump of four-petaled, fragrant blossoms, each set in a very long, very slender calyx; there is, tall and delicately yellow, the injuriously named rattlesnake weed; and skirting hollows and wet land, there is the jewel-weed, or touch-me-not, with its bright flowers and exploding pods. Of the small flowers, first come the buttercups, which began in early summer and are still waving their burnished wax petals in every wind. I never see them without regretting the devil's-paint-brush (also called arnica) which went out in July. Just the height of the buttercup, and of an intense coal-color, with rings and rings of fringed and glowing petals, it made an ideal running-mate for the hardier flower, and between them they painted many a field with beauty. The butter-and-eggs is growing abundantly; it is a sort of small, wild snap-dragon of a particularly pure shade of yellow, varied by a lip of much deeper hue. Then there is the curious, venomously yellow tansy; and there are, besides all these regular and acknowledged members of the community, perhaps ten or twelve more miscellaneous blossoms, that look rather like the sweepings of the August workshop. They grow temerariously, a handful here and a handful there, mere sparks and flecks of yellow, filling up the forgotten crannies.

The one difficulty with wild flowers is that it does no good to pick them. They lack the social pride of their cultivated kindred. Removed from their native homes, they quite artlessly curl up and die. The stuff of any flower is mere breath made visible, mere illusion spun from the bodiless air and colored at the day-spring; but wild flowers make most speed in reverting back to the original nothingness.

One thing more is true of mid-August: it is the time when the sky changes. One afternoon will show a deep-colored dome above a world that seems to have been freshly dipped in the archetypal dyes—a world whose trees and grass are veritably green, whose hills show through a curtain that is veritably purple. The next day, the pale of autumn has crept into the heavens, and, in response, all the divine freshness has drained out of the things of earth. And when this change comes, it is as though a voice had spoken. Memories and plans come out from some place and possess us again. The golden pageant is over.

Perpetua

With you all women fall:
Through you all women rise.
There is no tale at all
Whispered of wrath or wrong
Nor one exultant song
Strange to your steadfast eyes.

Upon your cheeks have flamed
Old fires of sacrifice:
You stood nigh Vashti, shamed.
Your little hands are red
From Holofernes' head
And sweet with Miriam's spice.

I am the slave of years,
You of all time made free:
I fail mid doubts and fears.
You, by one impulse stayed,
Gracious and undismayed
Marvel that doubts can be.

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

The Little Poor Man

SEVEN hundred years ago there lived a man who learned the innermost secrets of love and sang of them so gloriously that his name has lived through the centuries as perhaps the greatest troubadour of all time. A man of fiery impulse, reckless energy and outpouring devotion, his life was crowded with dramatic beauty. His name was Francesco Bernadone. Most men call him Saint Francis of Assisi, and others love still more to call him the troubadour of God. His palpitating and fervid life is the dramatic material of Harry Lee's play, The Little Poor Man, now being produced at the Princess Theatre.

Even through the arches of seven hundred years, one cannot glimpse the inwardness of this extraordinary life without deep emotion. To read his story as told, for example, by Chesterton, is to catch a new wild beauty, to see in all animate nature a new richness, strength and purpose. Mr. Lee has, I think, caught this vision with singular clarity and simplicity. He is not attempting, after the fashion of Shaw, to interpret a great soul in modern terms, but rather to carry back a modern audience to a time when the true beauty of a great soul was more easily understood than today. This is a difficult task. Mr. Lee has done it well and boldly, with fine dramatic rendering and a notable absence of the over sentimentality with which many well intentioned writers obscure the very past they are trying to revive.

To the hardened theatre-goer, The Little Poor Man will be a new adventure, a voyage beginning in the hurly-burly of a small Italian town, beneath warm moonlight, glowing gypsy eyes and enlivened with the songs of lovers and maidens. The rich Francesco Bernadone is part of this life, young, strong, irresponsible, yet not always gay. Nothing quite fills his life. A nameless hunger stifles the song rising to his lips—even as he watches the gypsy dance or feels the warmth of her embrace.

Then comes the first glimpse of the great adventure—the first strains of a song that is to rise like a vast flood and sweep before it the hearts and souls of millions. It would be a grave injustice to the beauty of Mr. Lee's work to outline the dramatic narrative. It brings the inner struggle of Francis to the surface, makes it as palpably a part of the dramatic action as outward movement and color. There is, for example, the moment of deep desolation when Francis finds himself forsaken even by God, and the irony that at this very moment he should also have to face one of the greatest crises of his outward life—the final break with his father and the need of winning to himself his first followers. This is heroism laid bare. I would not have believed it possible to portray so vividly the drama of inward states—and to do it without resort to futile sentiment or gross display. Some authors, in writing of a saint of the people, would have let their devotion to the man himself obscure the larger motives of the saint's life. But Mr. Lee has not forgotten the first principle of sanctity—humility. Throughout the play there is an invisible character always present—the Character without Whom there could have been no Saint Francis—the Lover and the Beloved. When such verities come upon our modern stage, the true power of the poet-dramatist stands revealed.

Of the production itself, and the acting, there is much to be said. I understand that the producer, Mrs. Clare Tree Major, was advised by many never to produce the play at all. For her courage in going ahead and in recognizing a work of supreme beauty, worth producing on its own account regardless of financial return, she merits not only vigorous acclaim but equally vigorous support from all those to whom she would naturally look for encouragement and attendance. It is one of the shameful episodes of the New York stage that the Theatre Guild production of Claudel's Tidings Brought to Mary should have failed of support from the very audiences who should have understood it best. Unless the Little Poor Man receives a more generous encouragement, there will be an ineradicable blot upon the intelligence of the Christian and Catholic population of New York. We hear sermons upon the immorality of the stage. Shall we also hear sermons upon the fact that in one of the uptown theatres of New York there has come upon the stage a drama of sensitive and rare beauty, a play of dramatic power, and a spirit of sincerity which, in my experience, has been equalled only once and that at Oberammergau?

Contrary to much misinformation in the press about this play, its cast is made up entirely of professionals—not of members of Mrs. Major's school of dramatic art. There are uneven spots in the acting, but to a markedly less degree than in most of the Broadway productions. The cast as a whole is excellent, and to Jerome Lawler's interpretation of Francis, it would be difficult to give praise too high. He lacks, possibly, a little of the fiery impetuosity of the Saint, but to balance this, he has caught the more sensitively spiritual side of his character with extraordinary fidelity. He is not merely impersonating. He is re-creating something of the spirit and essence of the man himself. It is this which gives such added power to the lines of Mr. Lee and makes one so immeasurably conscious of the invisible Lover. This is no eye-raising, sanctimonious spirituality, but the spirit of simplicity, of laughter, of radiating love for all things created—the saint who turns his own inner pain into happiness for others, into generosity and understanding and manly comradeship.

And there is Juniper, the little clown of God. He is a man, too, and no poetic phantom. Of the women in the cast, Miss Kearns as Lady Clare alone is slightly disappointing. She is a trifle shadowy. More compelling is the little gypsy, Zita, as interpreted by Anna Lubou—she who vows to make Francis feel the dagger of her hate, and ends by feeling herself the dart of a far different Love. She has reality, poignancy, pride, humiliation and victory.

This is a rare play to discover on any stage, and an event of primary importance in the theatre district of upper New York. Whether or not Mrs. Major's courage in producing it will be justified financially depends largely upon the next few weeks. It is one of those plays which, given sufficient time, will be passed on from audience to audience by word of mouth and will live memorably. Because of the merit of the play itself, as a play, and not because of the subject matter, I am breaking a strict rule of this department in urging every reader to see The Little Poor Man at the earliest possible moment. Print alone cannot spread the news of its importance and value. It is more than a play. It is an experience, to be felt, understood at first hand, and then passed on to others.

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BOOKS

Karl Fürst zu Löwenstein, by Paul Siebertz. Munich: Kösel and Pustet.

EVEN a casual reader of the life of Alfred the Great, who wished "to live honorably, and to leave to the men who come after me my memory in good works" and succeeded almost beyond belief, is apt to wonder if the giants may not have departed from the earth. But surprise of a similar kind awaits those who will examine the recent biography of Prince Karl of Löwenstein. Ever since the death, in 1921, of this extraordinary nobleman, whose energy brought about what was almost a renaissance of Catholic life in Germany, the world has been in need of a book which would tell the story amply and worthily. Mr. Siebertz has done his work with loving conscientiousness, so that the volume now offered to the public is not merely a Life in the usual sense, but almost an intimate record of an epoch of Catholic social activity in Germany.

Although the life-work of the prince was a many-sided social campaign, it is easy to see that its central impulse remained always a fervent earnestness of religious conviction. During many years he aided religious communities with money and encouragement; he built the beautiful convent of Saint Hildegarde, at Eibingen, with all the generosity of a mediaeval king; and when his own worldly tasks seemed to have been accomplished, he entered the Dominican Order in 1907, becoming shortly afterward Father Raymund.

It has been only too seldom that a nobleman, born to lead and encourage, lived so utterly in the spirit of service. As a prominent member of the Reichstag and other political assemblies, he became one of the strongest opponents to Bismarck's perverse Kulturkampf; and, when that struggle had been carried to a successful end, the prince promoted the organization of Catholic Germany, first through the Centrum party, of which he was a founder, and secondly through what must be termed, perhaps, the great achievement of his career—the General Catholic Conventions. It was a brilliant idea, this concept of a gathering of men from every corner of the Empire, during certain days of the year, to vitalize and defend the Faith. But it seemed at first an impracticable one, and its final striking success was due almost entirely to the tireless effort and sacrifice of the prince. By reason of the widespread admiration for the yearly German Katholiken-Versammlung, the prince very likely did more for national and international Catholic organization throughout the world than any other man of his time.

To have accomplished this much, alone, would have constituted a worthy career. But he also began an earnest campaign for an international court of arbitration, looking to a possible averting of the great conflict which he saw clearly beyond the horizon of political affairs; and, as president of the Anti-Duel League in Germany, he strove to render unpopular one of the most unethical of social practices. All this work was undertaken in a fine spirit of moderation, with no idea of personal fame, and out of a sincere conviction that the love of God also implies affection for humanity.

Like Alfred, he tried to encourage the work of scholars and artists wherever that work seemed especially valuable. It was due, in great measure, to his friendship and support that Dr. Pastor was enabled to carry out his monumental research in the history of the Popes. It was he who aided many a struggling newspaper or journal in his province of Germany to subsist and prosper, and it was he, finally, who sponsored the paintings of Luigi Seitz at Loretto—a work of such high order in the realm of decorative art that it has been compared with that of Raphael and Puvis de Chavannes. What has been mentioned is merely a fractional part of the achievements in scholarship or creative art which owe their existence to the generous enthusiasm of the prince.

Perhaps one of the most interesting aspects of his career was that determined by his close and abiding relationship with the Papacy. During 1870, he directed a memorandum to all the governments of Europe protesting against the violence done to the rights of the Sovereign Pontiff; and when the Garibaldians had entered Rome the soldiers of the disbanded Papal army found a patient benefactor in the prince. The present biography throws much new light upon the closing days of Pius IX's reign. Subsequently the cordial intimacy which bound the Prince Löwenstein with Leo XIII, found a fitting climax in the German pilgrimage arranged to honor the golden sacerdotal jubilee of the Holy Father.

When as an old man, he retired to the peace of cloistral life, Prince Karl spent little time thinking over the accomplishments of his career. He, who had been so utterly a man of action, dedicated the final days of his crusade to a preparation for the life to come. The fragrance of sanctity rises appealingly from the last pages of his story. Certainly he was a prince in the spirit as well as in name—at once a model layman and a sign of what laymen can be in the modern time. And as he knelt, an aged priest clad in the white robes of the Saint he had chosen to follow, hungrily praying for peace, while the cannon roared not far from his monastery in Cologne, it must have been some recompense to realize that he had done his best to ward off the murderous ruin of the world.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

Concerning the Nature of Things, by Sir William Bragg. New York: Harper and Brothers. $3.00.

SUAVE mari magno—I need not continue the well-known quotation with which Lucretius commences his treatise, De Rerum Natura, but it rises to the mind when one opens this book; for though the two are very different, yet here, as in the other, we have an attempt to explain what really are the fundamental facts about matter—surely a subject of great interest not merely to physicists and philosophers, but to all intelligent persons with that curiosity to become acquainted with the Nature of Things which can hardly but exist in their minds. These need not be frightened by the title—perhaps not the most alluring that could have been chosen. Nor need they feel alarm that when they turn its pages they will find them full of terrifying mathematical formulae, for there is exactly one of these, and one only, in all the two hundred and fifty pages. There is always a great sense of satisfaction in seeing a piece of work carried out in a thoroughly masterly manner and no one can doubt that this book has thus been carried out. It consists of what are called the "Juvenile" Lectures of the Royal Institution, London, and it may be explained that these are intended for young people who have no deep knowledge of science, that they are given by the leaders of science of the day, and that they are always illustrated very fully by experiments. Faraday in his time gave something like twenty of these courses, which always attract many others besides the so-called "Juveniles" for whom they were nominally intended. The lecturer, in this series, set himself to make clear what has recently been learned respecting the nature of the atom and

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of the various states in which matter exists—gaseous, liquid and solid—and especially as to solids of the crystalline form. No one can read the papers without being convinced that physics has made enormous progress in the past twenty-five years; some idea of that progress can be gained from this book, admirably written, simply and clearly expressed, and well illustrated with figures of the numerous experiments which must have made the attendance on the lectures a real delight to the audience. First of all there is the nature of the atom, and what a world of wonder is there! How John Dalton, the father of the atomic theory, would have rubbed his eyes at the marvellous complexities of what, not so many years ago, used to be called the "simple" atom! Then, there are the amazing discoveries now being made by X-ray spectroscopy. The wave-length of ordinary light is too long—though in all conscience it seems short enough—to enable the usual spectroscope to see deep into the secrets of crystalline structure, for example. As to the microscope, that is utterly hopeless and must always be so for optical reasons which can never be overcome.

Yet a way has been found, and was found, alas! by one of the early victims of the war—one of the real geniuses stupidly slain when they should have been guarded for the benefit of mankind. That way was through the X-rays which practically everyone has seen. These "rays" are a form of light, but a form with a very short wave-length, which enables them to make their way through crevices which ordinary light cannot penetrate; hence the revelations of one's own skeleton and of foreign bodies embedded in the limbs, such as fragments of shell or the domestic needle. The Angström unit as it is called is one hundred-millionth of a centimeter. Now the microscope cannot get below about three thousand Angströms, while the spaces between the atoms in the crystal are about two to three Angströms. The wave-length of ordinary light is almost as useless; but although the wave-length of the X-ray light is one ten-thousandth that of ordinary light, it can make its way into the secret places of the crystal and show us the nature of its architecture. Thus the inmost recesses of matter are being explored, and what they reveal is clearly and simply set forth in this fascinating book.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE.

Maxims of Christian Chivalry, from K. H. Digby, edited by Nicholas Dillon. Wexford, Ireland: John English and Company. 1 shilling.

KENELM DIGBY is a name which ought not to be allowed to fall into general forgetfulness, for the man was not merely an early convert and, as it were, a harbinger of the Oxford movement, but he was the author of two works of great interest and value. He was born at Geashill, in King's County, Ireland, where his father was the Protestant minister, in 1800. Unlike his brothers, graduated from the University of Dublin, he for some unknown reason, was sent to Cambridge, to which fact doubtless he owed his conversion. After taking his B. A. degree (he never proceeded further) in 1819, he devoted himself to the study of the middle-ages and soon brought out the first edition of his Broad Stone of Honour, the work by which he is chiefly known.

Probably the reading which he undertook for this led to his becoming a Catholic. He was received into the Church by Father John Scott, S.J., in 1825. In 1833, he married a Miss Dillon of an old Catholic family, and died in 1880. The Broad Stone of Honour, as finally passed by its author after he had become a Catholic, ran to four volumes and appeared in 1826-1827 and its latest edition, 1876, was in five. It is obvious that, in the whirl of today, few people have courage to embark on such a huge task as the reading of these volumes. Father Nicholas Dillon, already well known for his very careful little book of selections from Wordsworth, has culled a number of extracts exemplifying the teaching of this book in the well-printed and interesting little volume under review. Digby's book was saturated with the spirit of the middle-ages, and his object was to show what was meant by true Christian chivalry, that fine flower of the period. This, he says "is only a name for that general spirit or state of mind which disposes men to heroic and generous actions and keeps them conversant with all that is beautiful and sublime in the intellectual and moral world." He goes on to say that this spirit is easier to find and develop in youth—as indeed the Boy Scout movement tries to do—and was therefore much to the fore in the early age of Europe.

He divided his book into sections. The first relating to the views and principles of chivalry he placed under the title of Godfrey (of Bouillon, of course) since his kingly rule was such that an infidel king was heard to say—"If all the honor of the world were come to an end and lost, Duke Godfrey would have enough of honor in himself to be able to bring it back and raise it aloft." The second deals with chivalry in the heroic age of Christianity and is named after Tancred. The third, called Morus after Sir (now the Blessed) Thomas More, examines the objections to chivalry brought to the front by divers innovators. The last, Orlandus, touches on the influence of Catholicism on chivalry. From all these sections Father Dillon makes extracts. They are worth reading, especially as they may drive readers to study the five volumes themselves. Thence, they may be led to what is really Digby's opus magnus Mores Catholici, a vast collection of matters relating to the time when the Catholic Church was everything in Europe, a display of erudition which originally appeared in no less than eleven volumes—though the latest edition reduces this number to three.

B. C. A. W.

Young Mrs. Cruse, by Viola Meynell. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

Bring! Bring! and Other Stories, by Conrad Aiken. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

IT IS curious that the same epithet should present itself to the mind for both these books. Modern they unquestionably are, in a special and unmistakable sense; and yet, two practitioners of the art of the short story more diverse intellectually and spiritually than Miss Meynell and Mr. Aiken could hardly be found. Each is sophisticated, skilled in omissions, detached, scrupulously shy of the gaucheries of explicit interpretation—that is where their modernness comes in. But the implications of their omissions—which is a back-handed way of saying the implications of their material—open up very different vistas. Miss Meynell deals with actions and decisions which involve the essential core of her characters; Mr. Aiken deals, mainly, with surfaces, though often with subtle and troubling ones. Miss Meynell, despite her detachment, writes with luminous humanity and tenderness. Just as definitely, Mr. Aiken, despite his detachment, writes with that pointless and almost insouciant bitterness which is one of the established moods of the modern short story.

Of the two, Miss Meynell's is the quieter art, though five of the seven stories in this volume contain the material from which the thing called mordant realism is made. One

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relates the aftermath of a seduction, another tells the story of a woman who married one man while her whole life was bound up in another, a third (the hardest-edged of the lot) gives the picture of a phenomenally and perennially charming girl who is married by an enterprising hotel owner with an eye to increasing his clientele. In still another is found the innocent passion, the deep and simple suffering, of parted lovers. The last story depicts a deaf woman being discussed unkindly by relatives, while she attends with blank brightness, hoping that some stray crumb of the subject which appears to interest them so much will find its way to her.

A writer of the Dial school would clearly find here five subjects made to his hand. But Miss Meynell's preoccupation is with the experiences of the soul. Her instinctive emphasis is on the bodiless, permanent quality which underlies all true living. There is clearness and purity in her way of seeing things, and there is an equitable balance in her mind when she deals with what is tragic or hard. Sometimes this spirit makes her purely lyrical. The Letter is an inexpressibly lovely little idyll, with a gentle irony at the end of it like a caress.

One or two of Mr. Aiken's stories suggest the cruel little masterpieces of Katherine Mansfield. But he has not the rest of her endowment. There is not the same crystalline intensity, the same capacity for pity and pain. Of course he is very accomplished. Devoted as he is to the more unconstrained forms, he yet knows how to construct an excellent situation tale in The Disciple; how to give a fillip to that wonder about the dark aspects of the soul, which inhabits every reader's mind—Smith and Jones—how, in The Dark City, to write on the text Memento Mori and yet be gay about it. He knows a great deal—possibly too much—about psychoanalysis. He writes with smooth, hard brilliance, but one wonders if his type of sufficiency, impressive as it is, is not a dated thing, and already passing.

MARY KOLARS.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"Where is Doctor Angelicus?" inquired Statisticus, entering the library with such a brisk air that Criticus murmured disgustedly, as he roused from an after-luncheon nap—"Vacation energy! Pep! Why cannot these returned vacationists remember that we who have not been out of town don't like to be hustled and bustled?" Aloud, he growled—"Angelicus is off on his vacation. Hope he'll return quietly—or stay away."

Ignoring the thrust, Statisticus asked—"Where has Angelicus gone?"

"He's on a pilgrimage," said the Editor. "After many discussions, after the study of masses of resort advertisements, contrasting the varied and conflicting charms of mountains and

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seaside, ocean trips, motor excursions, fishing, golfing, surf-riding, hot springs, mud baths, hiking—"

"Don't tell me that Angelicus for one moment thought seriously of hiking!" exclaimed Statisticus.

"I cannot vouch for the seriousness of the good Doctor's thoughts on that subject," answered the Editor, "I can only say that he seemed quite serious when he said he had decided against hiking, on the ground that it is said to sharpen the appetite, and that, as his appetite was already the cause why his physician advised hiking, as a reducing measure, it seemed to him very like a vicious circle—"

"Angelicus himself rather resembles a circle, though I won't say a vicious one," commented Miss Anonymoncule.

"Anyhow," continued the Editor, "the Doctor came to the conclusion that vacations are a nuisance unless one can really get away from one's beaten tracks, and do something, or go somewhere, quite different to what one usually does or where one ordinarily goes on pleasure bent."

"That's good philosophy," said Criticus. "When I went on my vacation I got stuck in a country hotel where the men did nothing but golf, and talk about it, and the women did nothing but play bridge, and talk while at it. I grew two years older in a single week as a result. But tell us about Angelicus. How did he solve his problem?"

"As I've said, he's gone on a pilgrimage—to the Shrine of Saint Domiculus."

"Saint Domiculus? I've never heard of that saint," remarked the office Hagiographer.

"Saint Domiculus is not very well known," said the Editor, "and far from popular, especially nowadays. He lived, for ninety years, in the house and village of his birth. He made only one journey in his life-time, but that was around the world, and finding that the end of his journey was also its beginning, he forswore traveling thereafter, and spent the rest of his days preaching and practising the arts of home-life. He's the patron of all who abominate hotels, and restless moving about, and crowds, and change. What he would say about the radio, and movies, and motor cars, and aeroplanes, and Sunday newspapers, and jazz—I hate to think. If he had said what it is likely he would have said, had he known of such things, why of course he could never have been canonized."

"Where is the Saint's shrine?" asked the Hagiographer.

"Near Upsala, in Sweden."

"H'm," commented Criticus, "I'm sure that that if it had been in New York, Doctor Angelicus would never have chosen it as the object of his pilgrimage. But to travel four thousand miles to pay homage to the patron of the Stay-at-homes is quite characteristic of Doctor Angelicus. He is a humbug."

'It is the humbug age," said Statisticus.

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